SOLOMON's TEMPLE:

AN

ORATORIO.

The WORDS by Mr. *James Eyre Weeks.*

The MUSIC compoſed by Mr. *Rich. Broadway,*
Organiſt of St. *Patrick*'s Cathedral, *Dublin.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SOLOMON, the Grand-Maſter.
HIGH-PRIEST.
HIRAM, the Workman.
URIEL, Angel of the SUN.
SHEBA, Queen of the SOUTH.
CHORUS of Prieſts and Nobles.

SOLOMON's TEMPLE:

RECITATIVE.

Sol. CONVEN'D, we're met—chief Oracle of Heaven,
To whom the Sacred Myſteries are given;
We're met to bid a ſplendid Fabric riſe,
Worthy the mighty Ruler of the Skies.

H. Pr. And lo! where *Uriel*, Angel of the Sun,
Arrives to ſee the mighty Buſineſs done.

AIR.

Behold he comes upon the Wings of Light,
And with his ſunny Veſtments clears the Sight.

RECITATIVE.

Ur. The Lord ſupreme, Grand-Maſter of the Skies,
Who bid Creation from a Chaos riſe;
The Rules of Architecture firſt engrav'd
On *Adam*'s Heart.

CHORUS *of* Prieſts *and* Nobles.

To Heav'n's high Architect, all Praiſe,
All gratitude be given;
Who deign'd the human Soul to raiſe,
By Secrets ſprung from Heaven.

RECITATIVE.

Sol. *Adam*, well vers'd in Arts,
Gave to his Sons the Plumb and Line;
By Maſonry ſage *Tubal-Cain*,
To the deep Organ tun'd the Strain.

AIR.

And while he ſwell'd the melting Note,
On high the ſilver Concords float.

RECITATIVE *accompanied.*

H. Pr. Upon the Surface of the Waves,
(When God a mighty Deluge pours)
Noah a choſen Remnant ſaves,
And laid the Ark's ſtupendous Floors.

AIR.

AIR.

Ur. Hark! from on high, the Maſon-Word!
'*David*, my Servant, ſhall not build
'A Lodge for Heav'n's all ſovereign Lord,
'Since Blood and War have ſtain'd his Shield;
'That for our Deputy his Son
'We have reſerv'd—Prince *Solomon*. [*Da Ca.*

CHORUS *of* Prieſts *and* Nobles.

Sound great JEHOVAH's Praiſe!
Who bid young *Solomon* the Temple raiſe.

RECITATIVE.

Sol. So grand a Structure ſhall we raiſe,
That Men ſhall wonder! Angels gaze!
By Art divine it ſhall be rear'd
Nor ſhall the Hammer's Noiſe be heard.

CHORUS.

Sound great JEHOVAH's Praiſe,
Who bid King *Solomon* the Temple raiſe.

RECITATIVE.

Ur. To plan the mighty Dome,
Hiram, the Maſter Maſon's come.

AIR.

Ur. We know thee by the Apron white,
We know thee by the Trowel bright,
Well-ſkill'd in Maſonry;
We know thee by thy Jewels Blaze,
Thy manly Walk and Air;
Inſtructed thou the Lodge ſhalt raiſe,
Let all for Work prepare.

AIR.

Hir. Not like *Babel*'s haughty Building
Shall our greater Lodge be fram'd;
That to hideous Jargon yielding,
Juſtly was a *Babel* nam'd:
There Confuſion all o'er-bearing,
Neither Sign nor Word they knew;
We our Work with Order Squaring,
Each Proportion ſhall be true.

RECITATIVE.

Sol. Cedars which ſince Creation grew,
Fall of themſelves to grace the Dome;
All *Lebanon*, as if ſhe knew
The great Occaſion, lo! is come.

AIR.

Ur. Behold my Brethren of the Sky,
The Work begins worthy an Angel's Eye.

CHORUS *of* Prieſts *and* Nobles.

Be preſent all ye heavenly Hoſt;
The Work begins, the Lord defrays the Coſt.

A C T II.

RECITATIVE.

Meſſenger. Behold, attended by a num'rous Train,
Queen of the South, fair *Sheba* greets thy Reign!
In Admiration of thy Wiſdom, ſhe
Comes to preſent the bended Knee.
Sol. [to *Hir.*] Receive her with a fair Salute,
Such as with Majeſty may ſuit.

AIR.

Hir. When Allegiance bids obey,
We with Pleaſure own its Sway.

Enter SHEBA *attended.*

RECITATIVE.

Sheb. Obedient to ſuperior Greatneſs, ſee
Our Sceptre hails thy mighty Majeſty.

AIR.

Sheb. Thus *Phœbe*, Queen of Shade and Night,
Owning the Sun's ſuperior Rays;
With feebler Glory, leſſer Light,
Attends the Triumph of his Blaze:
Oh, all excelling Prince, receive
The Tribute due to ſuch a King;
Not the Gift, but Will, believe;
Take the Heart, not what we bring. [*Da. Ca.*

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

Sol. Let Meaſures ſoftly ſweet,
Illuſtrious *Sheba*'s Preſence greet,

AIR.

Sol. Tune the Lute and ſtring the Lyre,
Equal to the Fair we ſing;
Who can ſee and not admire
Sheba, Conſort for a King:
Enliv'ning Wit and Beauty join,
Melting Senſe and graceful Air;
Here united Powers combine,
To make her brighteſt of the Fair. [*Da Ca.*

RECITATIVE.

Sol. *Hiram*, our Brother and our Friend,
Do thou the Queen with me attend.

SCENE II. *A View of the* TEMPLE.

RECITATIVE.

H. Pr. Sacred to Heav'n, behold the Dome appears;
Lo! what auguſt Solemnity it wears;
Angels themſelves have deign'd to deck the Frame,
And beauteous *Sheba* ſhall report its Fame.

AIR.

When the Queen of the South ſhall return
To the Climes which acknowledge her Sway;
Where the Sun's warmer Beams fiercely burn,
The Princeſs with Tranſport ſhall ſay;
Well worthy my Journey, I've ſeen
A Monarch both graceful and wiſe,
Deſerving the Love of a Queen;
And Temple well worthy the Skies. [*Da. Ca.*

CHORUS.

Open ye Gates, receive a Queen who ſhares,
With equal Senſe, your Happineſs and Cares.

RECITATIVE.

Hir. Of Riches much, but more of Wiſdom ſee;
Proportion'd Workmanſhip, and Maſonry.

AIR.

AIR.

Hir. Oh! charming *Sheba*, there behold
What maſſy Stores of burniſh'd Gold,
Yet richer is our Art;
Not all the orient Gems that ſhine,
Nor Treaſures of rich *Ophir*'s Mine,
Excel the Maſon's Heart:
True to the Fair, he honours more
Than glitt'ring Gems or brighteſt Ore,
The plighted Pledge of Love:
To ev'ry Tie of Honour bound,
In Love and Friendſhip conſtant found,
And favour'd from above.

DUET.

Sheb. One Gem beyond the reſt I ſee,
And charming *Solomon* is he.
Sol. One Gem beyond the reſt I ſee,
Faireſt of fair ones, thou art ſhe.
Sheb. Oh, thou ſurpaſſing all Men wiſe!
Sol. And thine excelling Women's Eyes.

RECITATIVE.

Hir. Wiſdom and Beauty do combine,
Our Art to raiſe, our Hearts to join.

CHORUS.

Give to Maſonry the Prize,
Where the Faireſt chuſe the Wiſe;
Beauty ſtill ſhou'd Wiſdom love,
Beauty and Order reign above.